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# FAIR PLAY

Clifton Lisle

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**THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
PHILADELPHIA

# FAIR PLAY

*A Play for Boys in Two Acts*

By

CLIFTON LISLE

*Author of "A Scout's Honor"*



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1917

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Fair Play

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no. 1

# FAIR PLAY

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

"WARHORSE" MCGEELY . . . *The Rockby School coach*  
JACK WINTLEY . *Right end of the Rockby Eleven. A Scout*  
BOB CAMPBELL . *Captain and full-back of the Rockby Team*  
HARRY PAINTER . . . . *Quarter of the Rockby Team*  
"FOXY" JONES . . . . *Substitute right end for Rockby*  
BILL PATTERSON . . . . . *Guard for Rockby*  
CHARLIE SMITH . . *Left tackle for Fardale. A Scout*  
MR. LAWSON . . . . . *The umpire*  
*Rockby players, substitutes, linesmen, rooters, spectators,*  
*etc., as many as desired.*

TIME OF PLAYING.—About one hour.

## STORY OF THE PLAY

On the eve of the great Fardale game, Warhorse McGeely, coach of the Rockby School football team, directs the boys to "lay for" Smith, the opposing tackle, and by foul play put him out of the game. Bob Campbell, captain of the team, approves, but Jack Wintley refuses. The coach exerts pressure, but Jack will not break his Scout Oath even to win the game. Warhorse McGeely then accuses him of being "yellow," and finally in anger orders him to the sidelines during the game. Foxy Jones, the substitute end, takes Jack's place, agreeing to carry out the foul. In the second half of the game it appears that the Fardale team is aware of the Rockby signals. Bob Campbell sprains his ankle. Foxy Jones is put off for slugging. Jack is accused by Foxy of betraying the signals. Finally, as a last resort, Jack is put in, knowing that the others regard him as disloyal. He plays hard, clean football, however, and his touch-down wins the match. In the end, it is discovered that the Fardales had learned the signals purely by chance.

## COSTUMES

WARHORSE MCGEELY. Act I. Rather loud check suit, Norfolk jacket, sporty tie. Act II. Same as Act I, with sweater and cap.

MR. LAWSON. White sweater, cap, knickers or trousers.

THE BOYS. Act I. Diversified schoolboy clothes, such as jackets, blazers, caps, etc. Act II. Same as Act I, with exception of the players, who are in regulation football togs. Have the Rockby team wear sweaters or Jerseys of the same color or design.

## DIRECTIONS

It should be noted in Act II that the game of football is represented as taking place off stage rear, not actually on the stage itself. The audience can readily follow the game by the words and actions of the players, etc., who are watching it from the training house window. Great care is needed to make the game *sound* as realistic as possible. The umpire's voice and whistle, the calling of the signals, the cheering, should be rehearsed until the right sounds can be produced so as to sound near at hand, or far off. There should be a special prompter with the "rooters" off stage, to give cues for cheers, etc. If the stage direction be cleverly handled and sufficient snap be put into the cheering off stage, this entertainment should offer no difficulties to any group of boys who have ever taken part in a football match.

## PROPERTIES

For WARHORSE MCGEELY. A piece of chalk.

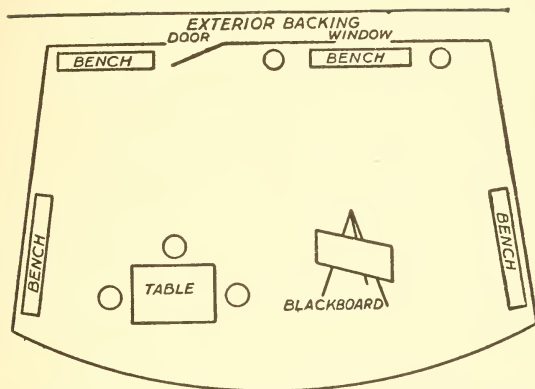
For CAMPBELL. Note-book.

For FOXY JONES. A piece of yellow paper, with writing on it.

For MR. LAWSON. A whistle.

For the BOYS. Head-guards, nose-guards, blankets, sweaters, a football, two line-staffs, several buckets of water, etc.

## SCENE PLOT



SCENE.—The training-room in the Rockby School gym. Table and chairs, down R. Bench, R. and up R. Bench, up L., beneath the window. Blackboard, down L. Entrance, up L. C. Window, up c. Or door and window may both be R. or both L. If possible, have the entrance in the form of a step upward into the room. Picture of team, trophy flags and cups, etc., for decorations. Football togs, sweaters, etc., here and there, in the wings from pegs or hooks. A suit-case or two lying about. A few loose boards outside the doorway will serve the purpose of a porch and make the proper clatter, as the boys troop in over them on their cleated shoes.





# Fair Play

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## ACT I

SCENE.—*The training-room in Rockby School gym. Late afternoon. Door and window closed.*

(*As the curtain rises, "WARHORSE" McGEELY, the football coach, is discovered talking with CAPTAIN BOB CAMPBELL and HARRY PAINTER, the quarter-back. McGEELY stands down L., pointing at the blackboard on which he has just diagrammed a play by numbers, lines, etc. CAMPBELL sits at right side of table, down R., tilting back his chair. PAINTER stands R., back of table, hands in his blazer pockets, studying the blackboard carefully.*)

McGEELY (*tapping the board*). Say, do you get this—6, 16, 87, 71, 11? Eh?

CAMPBELL. Go on, Warhorse, old top, we had that fossil read, learned, inwardly digested and forgotten way back in Second Form days! What do you think the Fardales are—infants! (*Hums impatiently to himself.*) Oh, Casey Jones on a stormy night, tried to get to Heaven on the tail of a kite —

PAINTER. Cut it out, Bob! (*To McGEELY.*) I see. That's to be tried only on fourth down and a lot to gain. The Fardale fellows have the very pink of a back-field, though, when its comes to handling punts.

McGEELY. That's it, Painter, exactly! Never try a kick or this trick, here (*tapping board*), till you've reached fourth down and bucked your halves and full-back to pieces on a stone-wall line that won't bend or break! Get me? Say, Bob, cut the high stuff, can't you! What do you think this is?

CAMPBELL (*humming*). The kite string broke and Casey fell! He didn't go to Heaven, but he tumbled—down a well! I said I understood the play all right. Show us something real!

PAINTER. I'm more afraid of their left tackle, Warhorse, than the whole bunch put together. They say he's a regular bearcat at ripping interference! Runs so fast his own men can't keep ahead of him, but the other fellows can't catch him, so what's the diff?

McGEELY. You both are wise to this, are you? (*Taps board.*) On fourth down only with a lot to go?

PAINTER. Sure, old Warhorse, clear as mud! I gave them a lot of it in practice to-day.

CAMPBELL. Now for the hot stuff! Show us something nifty, some of your old tricks, Warhorse, that don't need any outside practice. Remember how you told me about the game you won by the substitute stunt in the twilight?

(McGEELY  *rubs out the diagram.*)

PAINTER. That sure was pie on Easy Street! Twelve men in the play at once and they never knew it! Say, Warhorse, what would the ump have done if he'd got wise?

McGEELY (*turning angrily from the board*). Just what I'm going to do to you if ever I hear of that again! Can't you take a joke? Can't you keep a thing two minutes without blabbing all over the place? Call yourselves football men, do you? Well, you're pretty punk! I was only bullying! Just kidding you along about that trick! (*Laughs.*) You're pipes, you two are! Some easy pickles!

PAINTER. I only asked what the ump would have said! Needn't kick over the traces!

McGEELY. Now see here, Harry, and you, too, Bob, I'm a fair and square coach, I am, if I do joke a bit at times. I'm getting good and tired of you two squealing about what the ump would say, just because I pulled your leg a bit about tricks. Good and tired! Understand? Cut it out!

CAMPBELL. Keep your shirt on, Warhorse! (*Winks.*) We're wise and mum's the word. Still, you've got to win to-morrow, you know, if you're to come back next year as coach. I've got to win this game, too. It's my last at Rockby.

PAINTER. I'd bet anything we'd win hands down if it weren't for that Smith. He's some tackle!

McGEELY (*suddenly becoming better humored*). Quit worrying about their tackle, Harry, old top. This game's cinched now, if you two'll just sit still and listen to your Uncle Dudley. I didn't mean to jaw you so hard, but I

can't stand for the crooked stuff. I'm square, I am! That's my middle name!

PAINTER. We're wise, Square Hoss! (*Laughs.*) Let's have it.

CAMPBELL (*bringing his chair down on its four legs with a bang*). Crissy-cross our hearts. Go on, Warhorse, show us something we can stage without practice—something that'll lick tar out of Fardale to-morrow! It'll mean the coaching for you next year—with a raise!

McGEELY. You two are all right, I guess. Some fellows can't understand this game at all, calling a fellow crooked when he's square as a dollar. Now see here, where's Jack Wintley? He ought to be in by now. Where's Foxy Jones, his sub at end?

CAMPBELL. I told them we'd be here in the training-room right after practice.

PAINTER. Jack's gone down in the bus to meet the Fardales. They spend the night in the village, and Jack knows a fellow on the team. Both Scouts or something.

McGEELY (*leaving the board and crossing over to the table down R.*). Let me see, there's you two, you're sports. Foxy's all right. Jack Wintley'll do with a bit of handling. That's all I told to come to this confab. Now you're wise to real football, the college sort, you two? (*They nod.*) Eh? Now then, you've got to win this game, haven't you? (*Sits down facing CAMPBELL, tapping on the table.*) Win it, that is, by good, hard playing, fair and square, mind! What's it to be—football or a pink-tea licking from the Fardales? It's up to you!

PAINTER. Make it football, Mac, hard as you please. I'm with you!

CAMPBELL. This is my last game, and I'm captain! Say, Warhorse, make it football, if it means gates-ajar and a flower anchor—(*laughing*) for the other side!

McGEELY (*bending over table toward CAMPBELL and speaking rapidly*). Righto! Sit down, Harry. (*PAINTER sits at table.*) We understand each other, I guess? (*They nod.*) I have to win as you say, Bob, if I'm to coach here next year. Well, we can't win with that tackle of theirs tearing our interference all to bits! We simply cannot win. That's all there is about it!

CAMPBELL (*very deliberately*). We're going to win, do you hear! Tackle or no tackle, we're going to win!

MCGEELY (*suddenly*). Ah, but that's the point! Tackle, we lose sure; no tackle, we stand a chance. Savey?

(*Leans back in his chair smiling to himself.*)

PAINTER. I said all along Smith was the danger. What's to be done? Can't very well poison his soup!

CAMPBELL (*looking suddenly at MCGEELY*). You said football and pink teas, didn't you, Mac? Hum, you mean they're different—eh?

MCGEELY (*smiling and drawling*). Pre-cisely! Say, Bob, you always did have more than your hair above your shoulders. Shouldn't wonder if you were to make good some day on a real team! Now at college, they always ——

PAINTER (*interrupting*). What's the point? Planning to have the poor boob break training? Say, Warhorse, what's the game?

MCGEELY. Not break training exactly, eh, Bob? Not break training!

CAMPBELL. Suppose somebody forgets himself now and then, and slaps Mister Smith on the wrist?

PAINTER. Oho! I begin to see light! What's it to be, Warhorse, brass-knuckles or sand-bags?

CAMPBELL. Don't talk like a teapot, Harry! Just listen. All right, Warhorse, we both see that there's a difference in the way of playing football. And between to-morrow's score and this left tackle chap—well, go on! We're wise so far, but I'm blessed if I see what's next.

MCGEELY. That's the game to a dot! We can't win with Smith at tackle. Without him, we stand a chance. All right, eliminate Smith. It's our only dope.

CAMPBELL. Of course; but how? I mean the details. At college, now, what'd they do?

MCGEELY. Listen! When Jack Wintley comes in, you put it to him, Bob, and I'll back you up with the details. Get me? Be sure to give it to him straight, just good hard football. Plenty of knocks in one spot. Concentrated effort, that's the ticket! See? Jack's right end. He can deliver the goods during the scrimmage. Tell him to let everything else slide, except Smith. (*Pounds table.*) He must do it early and he must do it for keeps! No death-bed recovery in the last quarter!

CAMPBELL. We're on! Oh, you old Warhorse, isn't the

School just going to do some tall cheering for us to-morrow, when we've trimmed the stuffings out of 'em!

MCGEELY. Cut the crowing, Bob, till the chicken's hatched! It might stay a goose-egg in the score, you know!

CAMPBELL. I'll talk a lot about fair play to Jack. That'll tickle him, I expect.

MCGEELY. Hope nobody else butts in. Where the deuce are they? (*Looks at his watch.*)

PAINTER. Bill Patterson may come. He's thick as can be with Jack and all this Scouting stuff. Foxy'd be here now unless he went to the station, too.

MCGEELY. Foxy's all right; I want him. I'll get rid of Patterson, if he butts in. Scouts, are they? Hum! Salvation Army sort of thing, isn't it? You do the talking, Bob, you're captain.

CAMPBELL. I wish it weren't old Jack, though. He's such a good-natured chap, it's hard sometimes to get him mad enough to do any good. Can play football though—down to the ground!

PAINTER. Isn't Warhorse the clever one now! All plans made and he hasn't said a blooming thing except hard playing, just like a good little coach ought to! A dictograph'd get nothing on you, if the Fardales had one under the table! (*Pretends to look for it.*) Hullo! Here's Jack and Foxy! Howdy, fellows! you're late!

(*Enter JACK WINTLEY and "FOXY" JONES, C., rear. They throw their caps, sweaters, etc., on the benches up C. and L. FOXY goes to a suit-case on bench L., and begins to stuff a jersey into it. JACK comes C. and chucks a head-guard on the table.*)

JACK. Hullo, fellows! Sorry we're late. Waiting long? Evening, Warhorse!

CAMPBELL. How'd the Fardales look? Big? See their left tackle? Big, were they?

MCGEELY. Hullo, Jack! Feeling fit, eh? We're looking to you, sporting life! (*Goes up C. and slaps JACK boisterously on the back. To FOXY.*) Evening, Foxy!

FOXY (*over his shoulder*). Hullo, Warhorse!

JACK (*to MCGEELY*). Never better, thanks! Say, Bob, you should see Weston, their captain. He's a whale, and

then some! Plays at full now, by the by, Harry. Make you look like a shrimp!

(JACK, CAMPBELL and PAINTER sit at the table and talk in low voices. CAMPBELL explains something from a notebook. They nod, question him, look at the book, etc.)

McGEELY. All right, fellows, I'll diagram what we covered before you came in. Only last week's dope. Expect you know it all, anyway. Say, Bob, get busy and put Jack wise, will you? His end of it, you know. Come here, Foxy. Sure you know your signals?

FOXY. Wish I was sure of getting a chance to use 'em. (*Draws piece of yellow paper from his pocket.*) See that? That's the first thing I see every morning, and the last at night.

(*Puts it carelessly in pocket toward audience. It falls to floor.*)

McGEELY (*sternly*). Pick that up, you dub. Don't leave that lying around.

FOXY. Oh, don't get peevish, Warhorse. (*Picks up paper and puts into pocket.*) Now, fire away.

McGEELY (*over his shoulder*). I'll be ready for you fellows in a minute. (*To FOXY.*) Well, Foxy, here's A, that's our right end. Now — (*Explains the play.*)

PAINTER (*going over to bench up R. and throwing himself down*). Guess I'll rest a bit. Wake and call me early —

(*Pretends to snore.*)

CAMPBELL (*tilting back his chair*). Make yourself at home, Jack. Now for the scheme!

(*He is R., and JACK L. of table.*)

JACK (*resting his elbows on the table*). What's the card? Missed much?

CAMPBELL. Not a lot. Went over the hard spots of practice. Mac diagrammed the kick formation, Painter back, for the hundredth time in a week, I think. Wonder if he's doing it for your benefit now?

(*Looks over at McGEELY.*)

McGEELY (*suddenly turning round*). You've your job, Bob, and I've mine! Suppose we both attend to our own. Get me?

(*Again faces board, showing the play to Foxy, who nods.*)

CAMPBELL. Righto! I'm Johnny on the spot! Don't you worry, Warhorse!

JACK. I know that play by heart, Bob! Why did Warhorse want to see only us four after practice?

CAMPBELL. Don't know, Jack, but I do know what I do want, and that's some real ginger, some college stuff to put the pep into us to-morrow! Old Warhorse's so almighty square though, he wouldn't tell us anything good if he knew it, I believe. I told him what we needed, all right! Gave it to him straight!

JACK. Why, we haven't any time now for new tricks against Fardale. How'd we ever practice them before to-morrow? It'd queer the whole team! Mess up everything!

(*McGeely and Foxy still talking at blackboard, making diagrams, etc.*)

CAMPBELL. Oh, I don't mean regular trick plays with signals and all. Of course, it's too late for new ones. I meant something that we three could pull off. The way they do at college in a big game like this. Warhorse said he only taught square football—good hard playing and all that.

JACK. Of course, we're going to play hard all right, but that alone won't lick these Fardale clams. You just ought to see their size! The whole slue of them! We've got to win by using our heads in this little old game, believe me!

CAMPBELL. I know it. So does Painter and everybody else. What're you going to do about it? Old Mac just says play hard, play hard, Square's my middle name, so on and so forth! What's he think we are, anyway!

JACK. What's he think we ought to do? What'd he get us here for? Has some wrinkle or other up his sleeve, I bet.

CAMPBELL. Listen, Jack, this is how I've sized it up. Warhorse knows we can't win with that left tackle of theirs in the game. He as good as said so. He said at college they always knew the cure for that.



JACK. You mean Charlie Smith? I know him. In the same Scout Troop. You bet he can play football all right, but it's up to us, I guess, to play him one better. That's all I can see.

CAMPBELL. Sure! That's the dope! Warhorse said football wasn't a pink tea. With that tackle on the side lines, we stand a chance. Now, Jack, you're at end, and can pull it off. Brown at tackle will help you in the scrimmage. Play Smith one better, just as you said. See?

JACK. Hanged if I do! Pull off what?

(MCGEELY and FOXY move over to bench L. FOXY hands MCGEELY a head-guard, as though complaining that it does not fit. MCGEELY examines it, but keeps his eye on JACK, also.)

CAMPBELL. Listen! All you have to do is play hard, hard as ever you can against Smith! Put all your pep and then some into one spot! Fix him! Do him one better, as you said. See, now?

JACK. Sure thing! What'd you think I'd do? Don't you worry about your Little Willie! I'll tire old Charlie Smith till he's clean forgot which side he's on!

CAMPBELL. Tire him nothing! Tire your granny! Jam him! Slam him! Ram him—you boob! Play for him in the scrimmage, never mind the ball! We'll attend to that, once he's lugged to the side-lines! Lay him out, that's the dope for you!

JACK. Look here, Bob, what's all this you're handing me? Do you want me to murder him?

CAMPBELL. Keep your shirt on, Jack. And quit joking! This is serious. You've got to lay Smith out, that's all there is about it.

PAINTER (*rising from the bench and coming down*). Can't you let a fellow sleep? What's up now?

(*Stands back of table.*)

JACK. Bob wants me to lay for their tackle on purpose and get him. I said I could play the game just as well without that part of it. Don't you two worry about Smith. I'll keep him busy, all right.

CAMPBELL. Say, Harry, explain it to him, will you? He's so high-faluting, I can't make him see the difference



between playing hard and getting results! Wants a game of tiddle-de-winks, I suppose.

PAINTER. 'Nuf said! Here, Jack, old man, you'll play hard, I suppose? All right! You'll play hard, won't you, where the quarter says? All right, then! I'm quarter, and I'll send you into Smith or whatever his name is, every play, into Smith—hard! When they lug him off, you can let up a bit. See? (*Laughs.*) Want some brass knuckles? How'd a —

JACK (*quietly*). Laying for a fellow's a rotten trick! You know it is, Harry, joking or not. I'll play hard, of course, but hanged if I see why dirty work has to be dragged in.

CAMPBELL (*striking his fist on the table*). You'll play just as I tell you, Jack! I'm captain of this team! Guess I can have my say!

McGEELY (*joining group at table, R. C.*). What's wrong now? Fine thing to start a scrap the very day before the game!

(FOXY comes to L. C. and stands listening intently.)

CAMPBELL. Jack says —

PAINTER. Bob says —

JACK. They say I've got to lay for Smith and fix him! I said I wouldn't do it, but I'd play him hard enough to keep him out of mischief, and so I will.

CAMPBELL (*pounding on table*). I'm captain and he'll do as I say! This team chose me captain and I'm going to have my way!

McGEELY (*back of table*). Cut it out, Bob! I'm coach and you'll all do as I say. See? Now then, Jack, what's all the fuss about?

JACK. Oh, the Fardale tackle. They seem to think I won't play him hard enough just because I said I wouldn't lay for him on purpose. They're crazy!

McGEELY. What won't you do? I don't quite get you.

JACK (*rising*). I won't lay for Smith or anybody else. That's what Bob really wants.

McGEELY. Oho! You won't, eh? Why not, if I tell you to? I'm coach!

JACK. I made this team, didn't I, by playing clean football for three years? I don't intend to turn mucker in my last game. That's why!

CAMPBELL (*jumping up*). Mucker, is it? I'll have you call me a mucker!

PAINTER. Me, too! Better take that back! (*Threateningly*.)

MCGEELY. Cut it out! You won't play as I tell you, is that it, Wintley?

JACK. I won't play foul, if that's what you mean. Call it fair to lay for a fellow and foul him just because he's a better player than you are? Well, I don't think that's sport and I won't play that way. You wouldn't either, Bob, if you were a Scout. (*Goes c.*)

PAINTER (*sitting on bench, R.*). Well, ain't he the dearest little tin soldier that ever was! Regular khaki saint on wheels!

CAMPBELL (*angrily*). I'm captain of this team, do you hear me? (*Pounds on table*.) I'm not going to lose my last game at Rockby for you or anybody else! Pity about you!

MCGEELY. Look here, Jack, what in the name of Mike has that got to do with it? Here, you're end on my football team!

JACK. That's true, Warhorse, but I'm a Scout here, too, just as much as anywhere else.

PAINTER (*cooling off*). They're only a team of rough-necks. They'll lay for us just the same! Don't you remember last year?

JACK. I'll wear him down without slugging or fouling. Won't that do, Warhorse?

MCGEELY (*uncertainly*). Hum! You're a hard player, Jack, and you're fit as the next, that's sure. Say you'll go for him your very hardest, eh? Keep him on the griddle? Promise?

JACK. Naturally. Think I'm a quitter? Smith'll have to work for all that is in him this time. (*Comes down c.*)

MCGEELY. Well, I suppose we may as well —

FOXY. Say, Jack, when a fellow's all tied up with this Scout stuff, how is it he can foul another Scout or lay him out? Same thing! You know as well as we do that you can't get your friend Smith on the side-lines just by hard playing. Can he, Warhorse?

MCGEELY. Cut it out, Foxy! This Smith a friend of yours, Jack? (*Comes down R. c.*)

JACK. Sure, Warhorse, I've been in the same Troop with Charlie Smith for three years, but I don't see as that

cuts any ice. Think I'd let the Fardales gain by easing up on him?

MCGEELY. Hum! Well, here's the way to square all sides. Promise you'll get Smith out of the game your own way, and we'll call it quits. If not, well, I guess Foxy here can handle right end pretty well. All I ask is to put Smith out of it any way you please.

PAINTER. Don't be a fool, Jack! Think what the fellows will say! (*Comes down R.*)

CAMPBELL (*coming down R. C.*). We only want you to play hard. Honestly, that's all it amounts to. The big players at college do it all the time.

MCGEELY. There's such a thing as loyalty to the School, Wintley. Are you going to throw that over? Say the word!

JACK (*walking up and down*). How the dickens can I promise to get him out? I said I wouldn't foul him, and I won't, either. I'll try to wear him down, but he may last as long as I do. This isn't a square deal, Warhorse, squeezing a fellow this way! You know it isn't! You know how hard I'll play!

MCGEELY (*taking out his watch*). One minute to decide! I'm tired of this!

FOXY. He puts this Scout mush above the team, that's what it really amounts to! He'd better have gone to Fardale in the first place.

JACK. You'll have to take that back, Foxy!

CAMPBELL. Oh, hurry up! Make up your mind, can't you?

FOXY. Gee-whiz! Wouldn't take me long to decide! What's Scouts and stuff alongside of licking 'em to-morrow?

(*JACK crosses L. and sits on bench.*)

MCGEELY (*to JACK, impatiently*). Well, what's the decision?

(*Knock at door up C.*)

CAMPBELL (*angrily*). Oh, who's that? Don't answer, anybody.

MCGEELY. No. We want no listeners here. Let's dispose of him. (*Loudly.*) Come in.

(*Enter CHARLES SMITH, looking about uncertainly.*)

SMITH. Oh, excuse me. I was looking for Jack Wintley.

JACK (*rising and going to SMITH up c.*). Right here, Charlie. Fellows, this is my friend Mr. Smith, tackle on the Fardale team.

(*The others nod in silence, making no move. SMITH nods and smiles. Awkward pause. FOXY turns L. and snickers.*)

CAMPBELL (*at last*). Pleased to see you.

JACK (*quickly*). Charlie, excuse me. We have rather an important conference here. Last minute stuff, you understand. Would you mind—just a moment——

SMITH (*smiling*). Oh, beg pardon. (*Moves to door.*) My mistake. I'll wait for you, Jack.

JACK. With you in a jiffy. Sorry, old man.

SMITH. Oh, that's all right. Good-night.

(*Nods and exit. McGEELY goes up, looks after SMITH, shuts door after him, and comes down R. C. JACK comes down c.*)

FOXY (*down L.*). Gee, you're thick as thieves, aren't you? What's he snooping around here for?

McGEELY (*R. C.*). No good, I'll bet.

FOXY. Looks suspicious to me. (*To JACK.*) How much will they give you if you throw the game to Fardale?

JACK (*furiously*). That's too much.

(*Springs at FOXY. They fight, down L. McGEELY rushes L. and springs between them.*)

McGEELY. Cut it out. (*Pushes JACK toward c.*) Sit down, Foxy. (*Pushes FOXY down on bench L.*) Now, then, what's the answer? Quick!

JACK (*down c.*). You know already. I'll play fairly.

CAMPBELL (*down R. C.*). And you won't help us lay out this Smith?

JACK. No!

McGEELY. That settles it. Foxy, you go in at end to-morrow. You're not yellow, anyway.

FOXY (*springing up*). Whoopee! I've made the team! And you bet I'll stick.

McGEELY (*to JACK*). Report at the subs' bench to-morrow in uniform. Let the fellows see what a quitter looks like. Now get out.

JACK. All right. I've nothing more to say. (*Moves up L. and picks up cap and sweater. He pauses at door.*)  
You and I will meet after the game, Foxy. Good-night.

(*Exit.*)

CAMPBELL. And good riddance.

(*He looks angry but a bit anxious.*)

McGEELY (*going to CAMPBELL and slapping him on back*).  
Now, boys, we're going to beat Fardale!

FOXY. You bet! Hurrah for Rockby!

(*Throws up his cap.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. Door and window open. Black-board and table removed. Game with Fardale in progress, and it is now "between the halves."*

*(As the curtain rises, the Rockby players, disheveled and dirty, are discovered seated on the benches or standing here and there about the room. They are busy knocking mud from their cleated shoes, arranging their togs, rinsing their mouths with water, etc. Substitutes give them sweaters, and throw blankets about them. The Rockby rooters crowd about the doorway, looking in, excited, but silent. The players, grouped mostly at R., talk and gesticulate among themselves, while a few lie down as if exhausted. McGEELY stands down R. with FOXY and CAMPBELL. JACK, in clean football togs, stands near the bench beneath the window, up L. The field is supposed to be off a little to L., and in view from this window. BILL PATTERSON, the guard, sits on the bench under window, nursing a twisted shoulder, injured during the first half of the game. JACK is making a rude sling for him out of a piece of cloth.)*

McGEELY (*low voice*). Say, Foxy, what's got into you? This isn't any old maids' convention! You're no better than that poor dub over there! (*Points toward JACK.*) Can't you rough it up a bit?

CAMPBELL. You haven't done a blooming thing so far! Here's the last half and we've held 'em with only 3-0 against us! Bill's out with a game shoulder (*pointing toward PATTERSON*), but we've lots of time to score if you'd only get that tackle. Foul him or something, can't you?

FOXY. Don't you suppose I've tried! I've slugged till I'm tired, Bob, honest!

*(Whistle sounds off stage. CAMPBELL goes up R.)*

McGEELY. Time's up! Second half! Now see here, Foxy. (*Whispers to him.*) Get me? (*FOXY nods.*) All right, then, do it soon. No fooling. This is football!

FOXY. I'm wise! Holy Mackerel! You're a sly one, Warhorse!

CAMPBELL. All right, fellows! Get after 'em! Here a minute!

(*Up R. C. The players gather round CAMPBELL, up R. C.*)

MR. LAWSON (*entering C. rear from field*). Second half, Rockby! Ah, Campbell, time's up! Get your men on the field, please! (*Blows whistle and stands up L.*)

CAMPBELL. Yes, sir! (*To PATTERSON.*) Sorry, Bill! Tough luck! All right, fellows? Now then, all together!

(*The team run off by door up C., nodding to PATTERSON as they go.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off stage L.*). Yea, team! team! team! Yea, Rockby! Rockby! Rockby!

MR. LAWSON (*catching FOXY by the shoulder as he passes*). Hey, there! Just a minute! You're at right end, aren't you? Thought so. Here's a bit of advice, son, cut the dirty work, and cut it quick! I've seen and I'm warning you. Understand? Get on, but play the game!

FOXY (*going toward door up C.*). You're in the wrong pew this time, Mr. Lawson! I never did a single thing!

MR. LAWSON. That's all right! Get to your place, but play fair! (*Exit FOXY, C. MR. LAWSON to McGEELY, who comes up L. looking worried.*) You should watch that end of yours, McGeely. He's not playing the sort of football Rockby and Fardale stand for. He's —

McGEELY. Oh, boys will be boys, you know, Mr. Lawson, in spite of all a coach can tell 'em. I've lectured till my tongue's blistered trying to get 'em to understand fair play! That's my middle name—Square! I always insist —

MR. LAWSON (*drily*). Too bad some of them seem to have missed your point. All right! Timekeeper!

(*Exit up C., blowing his whistle. The rooters disappear from the doorway, the subs pick up a pail of water and follow the team.*)

McGEELY (*to JACK, low voice*). Hope you're enjoying the grand-stand seat. I'll have a word or so for the fellows later on. Don't forget! (*Goes over to PATTERSON, up*



L. C.) Awfully sorry, Bill. Come out when you're fixed up a bit. Sure you're all right?

PATTERSON. All right, Warhorse. Don't bother about me. Jack'll soon have me in fine shape! Some good in us Scouts after all, eh? (*Exit McGEELY, shrugging his shoulders.*) Gee-whiz! Jack, the line's holding finely to-day!

JACK. They've got to, if we're to have a smell at winning. How's Foxy playing, Bill?

(*Goes on tearing, folding and arranging his sling.*)

PATTERSON. Dirty, as usual. See the ump speak to him just now? Pretty raw player, Foxy is, I think. Say, Jack, why did they give him your place to-day, anyway? You've made good all season.

JACK. Why do you suppose? Plays more to Warhorse's liking, I guess.

PATTERSON. You mean he and Warhorse are a couple of —

JACK. Shut up, Bill! They're going to kick off! Let's watch the play!

(*They go to window. Umpire's voice and whistle sound off stage, L. CAMPBELL is heard encouraging his team.*)

CAMPBELL (*off stage*). Come on now, fellows! Fight! Fight hard!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off stage, L.*).

Gee-he! Gee-ha! Gee-ha! Gee-he!

Rockby! Rockby! Rockby! We!

Team! Team! Team!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

PATTERSON. Hurry up with the sling, if you can! I want to get outside!

JACK (*holding the sling and looking out of window\**). Whee! That's some kick! Bob'll get it! He's —

PATTERSON (*looking out of window*). Look at their ends! Just look at their ends coming down under it! Bob's —

\* NOTE.—Players whose backs are toward the audience should be careful to turn their heads while speaking.



JACK. He's got it! He's—ah, a fumble! (*Slaps his thigh.*) Fall on it! Fall on it!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

PATTERSON. Their tackle has it! Too bad! We might have run it back!

(*JACK lays down sling and looks for safety-pins in a suitcase down L.*)

VOICE (*off stage, shrilly*). Signals! Huntley back! Signals! 2, 22, 36, 17, 8!—16, 29!

PATTERSON. Gee! On our twenty-yard line, too! And first down!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off stage, L.*). Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em!

(*Whistle sounds. JACK runs to window, holding pins.*)

JACK. That's the stuff! See Slim Jim break through that centre! They lost that time!

PATTERSON. Second down and eleven to go! Lost a yard! Confound this arm!

VOICE (*off stage*). Signals! Right end over! 14, 35, 101, 102!—7, 10!

JACK. It's a forward pass! I thought so! He's missed it!

PATTERSON. Their end's got it! It never touched the ground! (*Bends forward.*) They've made a touch-down! (*Whistle sounds.*) Only three plays, too! Gee-whiz! What's wrong with us to-day, Jack?

(*Sinks back on bench. JACK arranges the sling, looking from window.*)

FARDALE ROOTERS (*heard faintly off stage, L.*).

Fardale, rah! Fardale, rah!

Fardale! Fardale! rah! rah! rah!

'Team! 'Team! 'Team! Hurrah!

PATTERSON. Hope they miss the goal! (*Bends forward.*) What's that? Look, Jack, look, he's putting 'em back! It's not a touch-down! Something's wrong!

JACK. Yea! Must have been off-side! Go after 'em! Hold 'em, Rockby!

VOICE (*off stage*). Signals! Left formation! 7, 52, 27, 23, 31!—9, 25!

PATTERSON. Third down! They'll never make it. Look at Bob tearing into 'em, will you! Game as a bearcat, he is! Their man's free! He's—— No, Jim's got him!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

JACK. Gained that time, they did! Fourth down and one to go! Hold 'em, can't you!

VOICE (*off stage*). Signals! 101, 102, 6, 28,—Signals off! Signals! Right formation! 102, 101, 6, 17, 44!—1, 3!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

PATTERSON. Our ball! We held 'em that time. First down! Hurrah!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off stage*). Hurrah! Yea, Rockby! Rockby! Rockby!

JACK. Now let me fix that sling for you properly, Bill. Don't squirm so!

(*JACK finishes the sling and pins it in place. Puts a sweater about PATTERSON'S shoulders, as the latter gazes out of the window.*)

PATTERSON (*suddenly*). What's wrong with Foxy? Seems to me he's playing too near their tackle for a good offensive!

PAINTER'S VOICE (*off stage, L.*). Signals! Left formation! 44, 12, 23, 72—Signals! Left formation! Shift, can't you! 44, 12, 23, 72, 89!—14, 5!

JACK (*looking out of window*). That's a good play! Watch Bob hit the line! Why, he's—they've——

(*Whistle sounds.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*cheering off stage*). Yea, Fardale! Yea, Smith! Smith! Smith!

PATTERSON (*picking up a blanket from the bench, then looking once more from the window*). Their back-field ran into centre just in time! Lucky chance!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off stage, L.*). Yea, team! team! team! Yea, Rockby! Rockby!

JACK. That's queer, Bill. They did meet our centre drive just right. I wonder if——

VOICE (*off stage, L.*). Signals! Right formation! 32, 13, 25, 101, 93!—11, 15!

PATTERSON. Second down and ten to go!

JACK. This is around Foxy's end ! I ought to know it !  
Look, they've —

(*Whistle sounds.*)

PATTERSON. Holy Mike ! They've met that, too ! Say, Jack, they must be getting on to our signals !

JACK. Great day in the morning ! Did you see them checkmate that run ! Foxy was quick enough, too !

PATTERSON. Nearly fourteen to go !

JACK. They're on to our signals, all right. They must be !

PATTERSON. We'll have to kick soon. I say—what's the matter with Bob ?

(*Umpire's voice and whistle heard off L.*)

MR. LAWSON (*off L.*). Time out ! Campbell's hurt !  
Time out for Rockby !

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea ! Campbell ! Campbell !  
Campbell !

(*Sound of loud talking off stage. A couple of subs run into the training-room, grab a bucket of water and run out again.*)

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Fardale ! Campbell !  
Campbell ! Campbell !

(*The Rockby Rooters, etc., off L., clap hands.*)

(*Enter MCGEELY, MR. LAWSON, and a player or so supporting CAMPBELL, who limps on one foot and seems to be suffering severely from a sprained ankle. The water carriers follow with their pail.*)

CAMPBELL (*trying to get back to the game*). I'm all right ! Let me alone !

MR. LAWSON. Get a chair ! Easy there ! (*JACK slings a blanket about CAMPBELL's shoulders and drags a chair up stage to door.*) Thanks, sub ! Now then, captain, it's tough, but you're out. That's a bad sprain. Any doctor about ?

(*The Rockby Rooters crowd about the doorway, but no doctor appears. They put CAMPBELL on the chair up C., near the door.*)

MCGEELY (*up R. C.*). All right, Mr. Lawson, I'll fix him up. Get on with the game!

MR. LAWSON (*at door up C.*). Very well. (*To CAMPBELL.*) Sorry, old man!

(*Exit MR. LAWSON.*)

MCGEELY (*to subs in doorway*). Hey there, Trainer! It's up to you! Get in at full! Well, what are you waiting for?

(*Subs, etc., hurry off to field.*)

CAMPBELL (*trying to rise*). I'm all right! Be better in a minute! (*Groans.*)

PATTERSON (*up C.*). Holy Mike! We're all getting it to-day! Very bad, Bob?

CAMPBELL. Only this rotten ankle again. Hang it all!

VOICE OF TRAINER (*calling off stage*). Mr. Umpire! Trainer in at full for Rockby! Campbell out!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Trainer! Trainer! Trainer!

PATTERSON. Awfully sorry, Bob. (*To MCGEELY.*) Say, Mac, Jack's done my shoulder up in great shape. I'm going out to the bench now.

(*Exit, C.*)

CAMPBELL. I'm all right! They're on to us, Warhorse! I tell you! They've—— (*Groans.*) Ouch! They have our signals! My, but this darn thing hurts!

MCGEELY (*up R. C.*). Let's have a look. A pretty bad foot, I'd say!

JACK (*up L., coming over to C.*). Can't I help? I've just put Bill's arm in a sling and it seemed to help him——

CAMPBELL. Think I want a yellow quitter monkeying about me! You'd lots better have minded your business and let toy doctoring alone, I'd say!

JACK. I'm sorry, Bob, you're still a sore-head. Don't have your old foot bandaged if you don't want to! I don't care, I'm sure! (*Goes over to window up L.*)

MCGEELY (*examining CAMPBELL's foot, trying to get shoe off, etc.*). This looks bad! Say, Bob, what's wrong with the signals? You said—is Foxy——

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Hold 'em! Hold 'em!  
Hold 'em, Rockby!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

CAMPBELL. I say, Warhorse! (*Groans.*) Don't tear my foot off! Go easy, can't you!

MCGEELY (*irritably*). Better let that walking hospital do it then! I don't understand this sort of thing! (*To JACK.*) Guess you're not too proud, eh? No danger in doctoring! You can't get hurt!

CAMPBELL. Oh, let him see it, then! (*JACK comes to CAMPBELL.*) Go easy, Jack, it's pretty tender!

JACK. I won't hurt any more than I have to.

(*Gets CAMPBELL'S shoe off by cutting the strings, picks up a large handkerchief from a suit-case, folds it and puts it about the ankle in a figure 8 bandage.*)

MCGEELY (*to CAMPBELL*). What were you saying about the signals? Have they —

CAMPBELL. They're on to us, I tell you! They start for our man even before the play begins!

MCGEELY (*looking out door*). I've noticed that! It looks bad, certainly.

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Fardale! Yea, Smith! Smith! Smith!

MCGEELY (*gazing out of window*). They gained that time! Confound the boob!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

CAMPBELL. Foxy's a quitter! No wonder Smith gains each play. He's afraid to do a thing!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em, Rockby!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

MCGEELY (*as JACK finishes the bandage*). See here, Jack, it's only 3-0! We still can win or tie. Won't you be a sport and get that fellow Smith out of the game before it's too late?

JACK (*looking out of window*). I'll do my level best, Warhorse, honest, I will! I'm fresh and I'll play him till he drops—without any dirty work. Let me go in now and show the fellows I'm not a quitter!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off stage*). Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

MCGEELY. Look at this in the right way, Jack. The odds are all against us, and they're playing as crooked as a three-legged stove! They've —

CAMPBELL. Look what they did to me! That was just a piece of their dirty work!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

MCGEELY. You'll get in right with the fellows! Why, even as a Scout you ought to help the under dog!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Fardale! Yea, Smith! Smith! Smith!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em!

JACK. I know the odds are against us. Just give me a chance to get right! Honest, I'll play like the very deuce, Warhorse! That's all I ask! Just a chance!

CAMPBELL. I'm out of it! What's a team without its captain? They're on to our signals, even!

MCGEELY. They're playing a low down game. They laid out Bob and Bill on purpose! Won't you even things up? Turn about's fair play, you know, Jack.

(*Whistle sounds.*)

CAMPBELL. Quarter's up! Still 3-0! Hey, something's wrong!

MCGEELY (*running to door and looking out*). It's Foxy! What's he done now?

(*Loud voices off stage.*)

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Foul! Put him off! Slugger! Dirty work! He slugged Smith! Foul!

(*FOXY appears outside door up C., looking back over his shoulder.*)

FOXY. I did not, Mr. Lawson! I don't care what you say, I didn't foul! That's a —

MCGEELY (*grabbing his arm*). Shut up! Would you sass the ump? Haven't you any sense?

FOXY (*loudly*). I didn't foul! Think I'll let that poor dub call me a slugger! (*Winks at MCGEELY.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Give him a cheer! Cheer for Foxy!

MCGEELY (*calling to rooters out of window*). Make it for the team! The ump says he fouled! We must play fair, fellows, that's my middle name!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Rockby! Yea, team! team! team!

(FOXY *sits on bench down R., wrapping a blanket about him.*)

MCGEELY (*to JACK*). Well, Jack, it's up to you now! Will you say the word? I hope the odds are enough to satisfy you?

JACK (*in a low voice*). I can't even the odds by playing a dirty game, can I? You know what I'll do, Warhorse; shall I go in? (*Takes off his sweater.*)

MCGEELY. You'll not! You low down quitter! You bluffer, you! I'd rather have a green sub than the likes of you any time! Foxy, you certainly have managed to queer things in fine style!

(*Exit MCGEELY up C., grumbling to himself. Whistle sounds.*)

VOICE (*calling off L.*). Mr. Umpire! Watson at end for Jones!

(*Whistle sounds. CAMPBELL turns his chair so he can look off L. out of door.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Watson! Watson! Watson!

FOXY. Know what I believe? (*To JACK.*) You're the one who's put 'em wise to our signals! You're the only one mean enough for such a trick!

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Fardale! Yea, Smith! Smith! Smith!

JACK. Foxy, it's about time you and I had a settlement, and you'll get yours in just about half a minute! (*Goes*



*threateningly to FOXY, R.)* You said a little too much that time!

CAMPBELL. Some one's put 'em wise. They nail our man every time! I guess I can see!

*(Whistle sounds.)*

FOXY *(remaining quietly on bench, R.)*. Yes, Jack, fight a fellow when he's all in, why don't you? You're a sport, all right! Hit me!

JACK. Very well. I'll wait! But you'll get what's coming to you, never you fear, or you'll take back what you said!

FOXY. Think I'm afraid of a quitter? You got sore at being left out of the game and you squealed the signals to your friend Smith! That's what's the matter with you! Just wait till I tell the fellows!

JACK *(quietly)*. That's not true, Foxy, and you know it! You'll take that back right now or I'll —

*(Grabs FOXY by the collar. They fight. Whistle sounds.)*

MCGEELY *(entering C., rear)*. Last quarter! Hey, what's up? *(Comes down L., and pulls JACK and FOXY apart, as they fight.)* Cut it out, you!

CAMPBELL *(nursing his ankle as he turns toward FOXY)*. Foxy says Jack squealed the signals. They were just beginning to warm up! Pity you came and spoiled it!

*(MCGEELY separates them, throwing FOXY roughly back on the bench, R., and holding JACK by the arm, as he struggles.)*

JACK. That's a lie! Let go, Warhorse, can't you? Foxy said—let me go, I say!

FOXY. He hit me first! He waited till I was all in from playing hard! Coward! Quitter!

*(JACK puts on his sweater.)*

MCGEELY. Cut it! Want to queer the whole school with your loud mouthed bicker? Cut it out!

*(Whistle sounds. JACK goes up L. and looks out window.)*

FOXY. You saw him yourself, Warhorse, going off with



that tackle of theirs last evening. How else did they get on to our signals, I'd like to know? Tell me that.

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em, Rockby! Hold 'em!

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off stage*). Yea, Fardale! Yea, Smith! Smith! Smith!

(McGEELY *goes up C. and looks out of door. Foxy follows him.*)

FOXY. What was Smith sneaking around the gym for, anyway? Tell me that. (*Sits on floor at door C.*)

CAMPBELL. I wondered, too. Say, Jack, it does look pretty bad for you—after going back on us and all!

JACK. You're as bad as Foxy! Can't a fellow speak to a friend? If it weren't for your ankle, I'd show you both who's a quitter!

VOICE (*off L.*). Signals! right formation! 2, 1, 27, 15, 91!—36, 11!

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Hurrah! Hurrah! Yea, Fardale! Come on!

McGEELY (*at door*). Their man's dodged! He'll score! Dive for him, Painter! Nail him, you dub!

JACK (*looking from window*). Hurrah! Harry's got him! Some tackle!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Painter! Hurrah! Yea, Rockby! That-a-boy! etc.

FOXY. He's dropped it! They've fumbled! Whee! Grab it!

CAMPBELL (*bending forward in his chair*). Watson's got it! Look at him running it back! Hurrah! That's the way!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Rockby! Rockby! Rockby! Watson! Watson!

McGEELY (*suddenly*). Our ball! That's playing at last! That's the ticket! Hey, Jack, you boob, I don't care if you have given away the signals, the damage's done now! We've just a chance, and you're the man! Shoot, kid! Hit the line!

FOXY (*jumping up*). I'd lots rather lose the game than have a quitter play! Of course, he's squealed to Smith. They're both Scouts, aren't they?

MCGEELY. Shut up, Foxy! He's squarer than you, at all events. Hey, Jack, get in at end and be hanged to you! Send Markham back! Watson at full! See? Play as you please and don't forget you've been called a quitter! Vamoose! Smash 'em! Shoot!

CAMPBELL (*trying to rise*). Don't you do it, Jack! Do you hear? I'm captain of this team! He did sneak off with Smith, you know he did, Warhorse!

JACK (*up L. C.*). If I make good, McGeely, will you take back what you said?

MCGEELY. Make good first! Talk afterward! Well, get a move on, can't you?

JACK. I'll play all right! Watch me! I'll show you who's a quitter! (*Exit C. and to L., tearing at his sweater. Calls off L.*) Mr. Umpire! Mr. Umpire! Wintley in at end for Rockby! Markham out! (*Whistle sounds.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Markham! Markham! Markham! Yea, Wintley! Wintley! Wintley!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

VOICE (*off L.*). Signals! Right formation! 52, 33, 24, 11, 13!—9, 22!

MCGEELY. That's a good one! They're using Jack right off! Guess I'll go!

(*Exit C., running toward L.*)

CAMPBELL. It's a forward pass to Jack! He's around end already!

FOXY. Why doesn't Painter throw it? Why doesn't the boob throw it?

CAMPBELL. Look! He's kept it, and he's off the other side! He's clear!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). A trick! Yea, Painter! Come on! Come on!

CAMPBELL (*kneeling on bench*). He's going strong! He's dodging like an eel! Come on!

FOXY. Look! He's tackled! He's fumbled! Oh, why couldn't you hold it!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Hurrah! Jack's got it! Hurrah! Yea, Scout! That-a-boy! Come on! Run, you dub!

FOXY. Jack's picked up the fumble! He's making a run!

CAMPBELL (*excitedly*). Come on, Jack! Run, you slob! Oh, can't you run!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Jack! Jack! Jack! Yea, Wintley!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

FOXY. First down and our ball on their forty-five yard line! Jack's playing like a mad bull! The poor pickle!

CAMPBELL. Only luck we've had to-day! See him get by Smith, did you? Jack's a bear, when he's really mad!

VOICE (*off L.*). Signals! Left formation! 7, 2, 29, 7, 17!—28, 51!

FOXY. That means Jack again. It's an end run. Watch!

CAMPBELL. He's around safely! Hurrah! We gained that time! Yea, Jack!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

FOXY. Another first down—gee! What's got into the poor clam? See Jack hit that line, did you? Thought they'd busted his neck for sure!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Rockby! Yea, Jack! Jack! Jack!

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Fardale! Yea, Smith! Smith! Smith!

(*Whistle heard off stage.*)

CAMPBELL (*leaning forward*). One minute to play! One minute more! (*Whistle sounds.*) Oh, pshaw! Just our luck! Time's up just as soon as we reach scoring distance! Jack sure is ripping into 'em—have to hand him that!

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Play hard, Rockby! Play hard, Rockby!

FARDALE ROOTERS (*off L.*). Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em, Fardale!

FOXY. First time they've sung that tune to-day! Only thirty to go!

VOICE (*off L.*). Signals! Trainer back! 51, 2, 23, 29, 15!—7, 65!

CAMPBELL. Jack again! They're making him work for

his money all right ! Hurrah ! He's clear ! He's going to score !

(*Whistle sounds.*)

FOXY. Thirty-five yards, clean ! Only a few feet to go !

CAMPBELL. They'll kill Jack if they don't give the kid a let up, that's one thing sure ! They've used him every play ! He sure can rip 'em up, though !

VOICE (*off L.*). Signals ! Right formation ! Wintley over ! 19, 11, 6, 16, 28 !—32, 5 !—

FOXY. Still Jack ! Watch him buck the line ! See ! He's smashed 'em through ! He's gone through as if he were a back ! Hurrah ! He's scored ! He's —

CAMPBELL (*springing up*). We've scored ! A touch-down ! Yea ! Jack's scored ! Did you see him rip into them ? Did you see him tear through them, Foxy ? Did you ?

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*yelling wildly off L.*). Yea, Wintley ! Wintley ! Wintley ! Yea, Jack ! Hurrah !

CAMPBELL. Six to three ! We've got 'em, Foxy ! We'll win after all ! Hurrah !

(*Tries to rise, pounds on his chair, etc.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*). Yea, Rockby ! Yea, Jack ! Jack ! Jack !

FOXY (*running to window*). Painter's going to kick the goal !

CAMPBELL. Steady, Harry ! Take your time ! Go easy, that's —

(*Whistle sounds. Sound of ball being kicked off stage.*)

ROOTERS (*off L.*). Ah ! It's a — He's missed the —

FOXY (*leaping about*). A goal ! Hurrah ! He's made it !

(*FOXY tosses his head-guard into the air.*)

CAMPBELL. Seven to three ! We've won ! Seven to three ! Yea, Painter ! Say, didn't Jack rip through 'em like a little old steam roller—like a little old ram ?

(*Whistle sounds.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS (*off L.*).

Gee-he! Gee-ha! Gee-ha! Gee-he!  
 Rockby! Rockby! Rockby! We!  
 Team! Team! Team! Jack! Jack!  
 Jack! Yea, Jack!

FOXY. Jack's won the game all right, I guess. Never saw him play like that before, though! Say, some joke on us after all our plans! Played fair, too!

VOICE (*off L.*). Time! Time!

MR. LAWSON (*off L.*). Time's up! Game's over—seven to three—Rockby's favor!

(*Whistle sounds.*)

FOXY. He played straight as a church, Jack did! I watched him. Holy cats! Think of me!

(*Comes down R.*)

ROCKBY PLAYERS (*off L.*).

Rah, Rockby! Rah, Rockby! Rah, Rockby!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah! Rockby!  
 Fardale! Fardale! Fardale!

FARDALE PLAYERS (*off L.*).

Fardale, rah! Fardale, rah!  
 Fardale! Fardale! rah! rah! rah!  
 Rockby! Rockby! Rockby!

(*Rooters clap. The Rockby players, subs, etc., enter C., rear. The rooters crowd about the hot and dirty players, slap them on the back, shake hands, etc. McGEELY enters C. The boys lift JACK onto their shoulders and carry him about the stage, despite his protests. Others pick up CAMPBELL'S chair and carry him down L.*)

ROCKBY ROOTERS.

Gee-he! Gee-ha! Gee-ha! Gee-he!  
 Rockby! Rockby! Rockby! We!  
 Wintley! Wintley! Wintley! Yea,  
 Jack! Jack! Jack!

JACK. Let me be, can't you? Don't be such idiots! (*They carry him down C. They cheer all the more.*) Let me down! Let me—all right, then, don't! Here, every-

body ! A cheer for Bill Patterson and Bob ! They're both hurt !

*(They let JACK down and continue their cheering.)*

McGEELY *(to FOXY ; both down R.)*. Seem to sort of overlook us, eh, Foxy ?

*(FOXY nods.)*

ROCKBY ROOTERS.

Rah, Rockby ! Rah, Rockby ! Rah, Rockby !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah ! Rockby !

Campbell ! Campbell ! Campbell ! Patterson !

Patterson ! Patterson !

*(The rooters crowd about the players on the benches. FOXY and McGEELY push up toward the door, C.)*

McGEELY *(to crowd)*. Now, boys, get outside and give us a chance to clean up here. *(Goes to door.)*

ROCKBY ROOTERS *(crowding after him, yelling)*. Yea, good old McGeely !

*(Exit McGEELY, C., followed by the crowd. FOXY goes to window.)*

CAMPBELL. Hey there, Jack, nice playing. Some rip-saw you are, boy !

*(PAINTER and other members of team crowd around door looking off.)*

JACK *(going L. to CAMPBELL's chair)*. You've changed your tune, Bob. Still think I'm a crook, or a quitter ?

CAMPBELL *(a bit ashamed of himself)*. You won for the school. That's all I care about.

ROCKBY ROOTERS *(off stage)*.

What's the matter with Warhorse ?

He's all right !

Who's all right ?

WARHORSE !

JACK *(pointing to door)*. McGeely did it.—He caused the trouble. Isn't that so ?

CAMPBELL. Yes. He said it was the way they did it at college.

JACK. I know. Worried about his job. Well, he had good reason. He's canned for next year, anyway. Patterson got it straight from —

*(Enter SMITH at door, c.)*

CAMPBELL. Here's your friend Smith, Jack.

*(SMITH comes down c. FOXY comes down R.)*

SMITH. Hello, Jack, shake hands, old boy. We couldn't both win.

JACK. Thanks, Charlie, old horse. Sorry it was you we beat. You've met Campbell?

SMITH. Sure. *(Goes over L. and shakes hands with CAMPBELL. He laughs.)* Say, I want to show you something.

*(Pulls out of his head-gear the piece of yellow paper which FOXY had in Act I, and hands it to CAMPBELL.)*

CAMPBELL. Our signals! Where did you get this?

*(FOXY sees paper and begins to edge toward door.)*

SMITH. I picked it up in the street last night on my way to the hotel.

CAMPBELL *(sharply)*. Foxy! Come back here. *(Foxy comes back, down R.)* Is this the paper you had here last night?

FOXY. Oh, I guess so. What's the difference? We won, didn't we?

*(SMITH looks at him with contempt.)*

CAMPBELL. If we did it's not due to you. *(Raises his voice.)* Oh, boys, call in McGeely and the crowd.

MEMBERS OF TEAM *(calling off)*. Here, Warhorse. Here, fellows. Come in. Bob wants you.

*(McGEELY enters c., followed by crowd. The crowd and the members of team fill the stage up L., up c., and at R. FOXY and McGEELY down R. JACK, CAMPBELL and SMITH are joined down L. by PAINTER.)*

PAINTER. What's up, Bob?

*(Crowd is laughing and talking.)*

CAMPBELL (*rising, supporting himself by an arm on JACK's shoulder*). Fellows. (*He holds up a hand, and everybody is suddenly silent.*) Boys, we won to-day, by good luck.

SMITH. No—you deserved it.

(*Crowd clap.*)

CAMPBELL. I'm not so sure. Through a terrible mistake, a—misunderstanding—we kept off the team one of the best players we had. (*Crowd begins to talk excitedly. CAMPBELL holds up his hand. Silence.*) And we put on one player whose carelessness nearly lost us the game.

(*Looks at FOXY.*)

A ROOTER. But we won, Bob!

CAMPBELL. Yes—because the man we kept off went in at last and did what no one else could have done—scored. (*Wild yells from rooters—"Hurray for Jack," etc.*) Now I want to apologize before you all to the good Scout and fine player who won the game for Roxby—JACK WINTLEY.

(*JACK happily grips CAMPBELL's hand. The rooters yell and rush for JACK, lifting him to their shoulders. He protests laughingly.*)

CURTAIN



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